



## ROMANCE OF WAR.

Russian Girl, Disguised as a Private, Follows Her Officer-Lover.

## TRAGIC DOUBLE SUICIDE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Moscow, Sunday.  
A letter just received from a Captain Striltsky, now serving in Port Arthur, gives details of a romantic occurrence which took place there last month.

Among the privates of one of the Siberian reserve battalions was a very handsome youth named Liatnikoff, who acted as orderly to a young subaltern from Smolensk.

Liatnikoff was extremely popular among his comrades in arms, owing to his cheery manner and his remarkable skill as a dancer, but he was often chaffed on account of his effeminate appearance.

On February 22, Liatnikoff slipped the quay at Pei-ya-Shan and broke his leg. He declared that he was not hurt, and struggled violently, but despite his protests he was taken to hospital.

There it was discovered that he was unconscious, and that his arm was soaked in blood. Under the cover of the stretcher, he had opened a vein in his wrist.

The surprise of the doctors at this was nothing compared with their amazement when it appeared that the patient in soldier's uniform was a handsome young woman.

She had been the subaltern's sweetheart, and although only eighteen years of age, had succeeded in inducing him to allow her to accompany him to the front.

Three days later, the girl, when on the point of death from blood poisoning, implored her lover to marry her, but, despite the protestations of everyone, he refused. He was sent to Coventry by his brother-officers, and, within twenty-four hours of the girl's death, blew his brains out.

## TWO HUNDRED SHELLS.

Japanese Battleship Reported Disabled.

Beyond what appeared in yesterday's *Mirror* few further details are to hand regarding the bombardment of Port Arthur on Tuesday.

It is stated that the Japanese fired over two hundred 12in. shells into the town and its vicinity.

According to a Russian official message a Japanese battleship was struck by a Russian shell in Tuesday's bombardment of Port Arthur and . . . to retire.

From Yingkow it is stated that fourteen persons were killed and injured.

To the officers and men at Port Arthur the Tsar has sent his felicitations.

## RUSSIAN HEROES HONOURED.

Admiral Alexieff has bestowed a diploma of the military order of St. George on a private of the Light Horse and a corporal of the 30th Regiment for gallantry during the bombardment on the 6th inst. They rushed from cover to the damaged house of a colonel, and, amidst the bursting shells of the enemy, took down, and carried to a place of safety, a Russian flag which was in danger of being shot away.

Another diploma has been bestowed upon a telegraph official, who was at his duties when the Island of Askold was bombarded. He had no means of retreat in the event of the Japanese landing, but he remained at his post, and telegraphed what occurred throughout the day.

## JAPANESE EDITOR IMPRISONED.

Mr. Teisuke Okiyama, a member of Parliament and publisher of the "Niroku Shimbun," a Tokyo newspaper, has had his journal suppressed, and the responsible editor is to be imprisoned for four months.

The charge against Mr. Okiyama is that of being in the employ of the Russian Government.

## NAVAL BLACKMAIL.

Officers Know of Abuses, But Close Their Eyes.

Following on the revelations we published yesterday concerning the venality of the ship's police, we give extracts from two out of the many letters we have since received.

"An Old Gunny Jack" says that on a certain flagship being paid off on a foreign station the master-at-arms received over £2,000 from the men for loans and accumulated interest. Yet the pay of this capitalist was only 5s. a day.

He says the difficulty with the men in bringing any abuses to light is that the commanding officer always tries to stop all complaints, as the officers will not admit that anything can be wrong or bad in the Navy.

"Old Salt" says he would have signed on in the Navy for another ten years' service but for blackmail.

In to-day's "Truth" further reference is made to this question and to the part the *Mirror* has played in revealing the scandal, and the editor remarks that he also has received during the week further evidence which puts the existence of irregularities beyond all shadow of doubt.

Sentence of five years' penal servitude was at Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday passed upon William Elliott, thirty-three, a clerk, for theft. The police said Elliott was a most expert pickpocket, who made frequent changes in his dress. In the morning he wore a silk hat and frock coat; 'a Norfolk suit,' knee breeches and gaiters, in the afternoon; and in the evening a third suit.

## SUNK SUBMARINE.

HOPES THAT THE A1 WILL BE RAISED TO-DAY.

"Work progressing satisfactorily," was the report made yesterday by Capt. Hoggren, of the *Belos*, which is engaged in the work of raising the wrecked submarine. Great difficulty is still being experienced by the divers, and, in order to lighten their work as much as possible, all torpedoes and mining practice at Spithead has been stopped, and it was found that the explosions could be felt under water where the wreck lies.

There are now three divers at work upon the A1. Yesterday chains were got around the hull, in readiness for lifting her from the bottom. For a time the rough sea prevented any descent from being made, but early in the afternoon a diver went down and began patching up the hole near the wrecked vessel's conning tower. Hopes are still entertained that this task will be completed in time for the work of pumping air into her to be started, so that she can be brought to the surface to-day.

## To Receive the Dead.

especially-made cradles have been laid down in one of the docks at Portsmouth, and on these the wreck will lie whilst the dead are being removed from her interior and a thorough examination of her hull made.

A memorial service was yesterday held for Sub-Lieutenant Churchill at Alverstone, Hants.

The fund which the "Southern Daily Mail" has opened for the benefit of the relatives of the unfortunate victims of the submarine A1 disaster already amounts to over £200.

Amongst those who have subscribed are Miss Agnes Weston, who sent £50; Major Seely, M.P., and the Hon. J. Scott-Montagu, M.P.

Cheques should be made payable to the "Southern Daily Mail" Submarine A1 Fund, crossed National Provincial Bank, Limited, and sent to the "Southern Daily Mail," Edinburgh-road, Portsmouth.

## BATTLE OF THE "SKETCH."

Move Which May End Music Hall Prosecutions.

The sketch question, which embitters theatrical and music-hall circles, has entered on a new phase by the summons applied for by Mr. George Gray against the Empire directors.

The sketch prosecutions have been undertaken by the Theatrical Managers' Association, to which all theatres belong and subscribe; they have been defended by the Proprietors of Entertainments' Protection Association, to which all music-hall proprietors belong.

Recently there has been formed a Sketch Artists' Protection Association, of which Mr. George Gray is a member.

It has struck several people as strange that while certain halls are being prosecuted for presenting sketches the Empire, which produces nightly the most glaring infraction of the old theatre Acts, a ballet, goes scot-free. It has been suggested as a possible explanation that it is owing to the managing director, Mr. George Edwardes, having large theatrical interests.

Mr. George Gray's action, it is thought by some members of the Sketch Artists' Association, may lead Mr. George Edwardes to bring pressure on the Theatrical Association to cease their irritating attempts to abolish sketches.

## HACKENSCHMIDT IN A CARRIAGE ACCIDENT.

As Hackenschmidt, the well-known wrestler, was driving to his professional engagements last evening his brougham collided with a coal van, and was overturned. The famous wrestler sustained no hurt, and was able to appear at the Oxford Music Hall.

The Edinburgh magistrates yesterday unanimously decided to close all licensed places at ten o'clock.

## DOGS' CURFEW.

AMUSING PLEA BY AN IRISH OPPONENT.

In the House of Commons yesterday afternoon, hon. members spent a diverting hour in discussing the Dogs' Bill, a little measure designed to protect the owners of live stock from injury by dogs and to check sheep-worrying.

Mr. O'Mara, a spectated young Irishman, was dead against the Bill.

With a sob in his voice he pleaded for "the poor miserable little animal who is the joy of the widow's home." (Titters.) The Bill provided for the keeping of dogs indoors between sunset and sunrise. He had no objection to dogs wearing collars any more than anybody else—(merriment)—but he did object to "this curfew bell for dogs" (Roars).

Mr. O'Mara advanced a novel proposition: "Suppose," he said, "I was a poor, miserable woman—which I am not—and had a dog—which I have not—what would happen if the dog were to jump over the garden wall and land in the garden of my neighbour? Would he be treated as a stray dog within the meaning of the Act?"

Convulsive shouts of merriment were the only reply to the Irishman's hypothesis.

Dogs continued to be discussed with much animation till the arrival of the dinner-hour.

According to present arrangements the House of Commons will adjourn for the Easter holidays at the close of the morning sitting on Wednesday next.

## LORD CURZON VACATES HIS POST.

Lord Curzon is to visit England in May. The moment he leaves India he vacates his appointment by statute.

Mr. Brodrick said yesterday, in the House of Commons, no successor would be immediately appointed, and it would be open to the King to reappoint Lord Curzon if he saw fit to do so.

## CAPTAIN'S STRANGE STORY.

Compelled to Anchor Amid Dangerous Mines.

Captain Macfarlane, of the steamer *Hsing-ping*, describes some remarkable experiences he had off Port Arthur and Dalny in February.

Compelled by stress of weather to put into Port Arthur roads, he had no sooner reached the anchorage than a Russian cruiser fired a shot at shore and signalled "Anchor instantly."

The order was promptly obeyed, and the vessel was then ordered to Dalny.

When he protested against his detention he was visited by Mr. Marc, an assistant to the Dalny Port Commissioner, who, through an interpreter, stated that owing to mines in the harbour it was impossible for the *Hsing-ping* to leave.

Mr. Marc added that half an hour before the *Hsing-ping's* arrival a Russian vessel which had been laying the mines had been blown up, with great loss of life, by one of her own mines; that there were only two men who knew the position of the mines; that these were the captain and officer of the vessel destroyed; and that they had been killed.

## PLAQUE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

At Johannesburg there are fifty-six suspected cases of plague, says Reuter. Forty natives have died and three white persons, but the outlook is improving.

One death from bubonic plague occurred in Pretoria yesterday.

Lord Milner telegraphs to the Colonial Office that the outbreak at Johannesburg is of a virulent character, thirty deaths having occurred out of thirty-eight cases within a few days.

There will thus be no difficulty about isolation and proper treatment of all suspect cases, and there is every reason to hope the spread of disease may be promptly checked.

## STATE TELEPHONES.

What Buying Out the "National" by the Post Office Means.

## NO FANCY PRICE.

Lord Stanley's announcement that the Post Office is negotiating for the purchase of the National Telephone Company's system has aroused general interest.

The telephone is now so indispensable an adjunct of modern life that it is highly desirable that like the telegraph, it should be in the hands of the Government. The public undoubtedly would welcome the nationalisation of the system. But the price at which it shall be acquired is the great question. Taxpayers are anxious that no bad bargain shall be made, such as that which marked the State acquisition of the telegraph lines in this country.

There is nothing to show that the National Telephone Company is at all eager to enter into any bargain with the Post Office, whereby the Government will obtain the control of the telephone system.

## Profits of the Telephone.

This lack of anxiety to part with the undertaking is a very natural attitude on the company's part, for the net profits for the last half-year of their business were £227,739, with an increase of income of £72,797 over the corresponding period of 1902.

The rapid growth of the telephone system has now made plain the great possibilities of its extension which, if the entire telephone system were nationalised, should go hand-in-hand with a continual reduction of rate. Should, however, the Post Office, if they decide to buy, pay an unnecessarily large sum to the National Telephone Company, the result will be a yearly loss similar to that sustained by the Telegraph Department, with a consequent drain on the taxpayer.

A *mirror* representative yesterday learned, however, that there is little likelihood of the Post Office paying any excessive sum to the telephone company. Their own experience in laying a large system has given them an approximate notion of what the national system is worth and whatever offer is made will not include any extravagant estimate of the prospective profits of the National Telephone Company.

There is no particular reason why it should, for the Post Office can very conveniently wait until 1911, when the National Telephone Company's licence expires, meanwhile extending and perfecting their own system, so that they will then be able to say, in making an offer, that the telephone company must either accept a reasonable offer or go out of business. For it must be remembered that in 1911 the Government will be quite at liberty to refuse to extend the licence of the National Telephone Company.

## Employees' Fears.

The news of the possible purchase of the National Company's system has not been received with any degree of pleasure by the officials of the National Telephone Company, for if the amalgamation take place, any reduction of staff is of the National Telephone. The employees of the Post Office Telephone Department are all on the permanent staff, and can only be retired on superannuation allowing.

There is little possibility, however, that there will be any difficulty in the reduction of staff, for the Post Office is at present working under pressure. If any officials of the National Telephone Company are retired it will most probably be among the higher grades, where higher salaries are paid than in the Post Office service.

In the Commons yesterday, on the report of the Committee's resolution granting three millions for extending the Post Office telephones, Lord Stanley, the Postmaster-General, said he desired to provide a complete network of telephones over the whole of the United Kingdom. With regard to the taking over of the undertaking of the National Telephone Company he expressed the hope that the "pourparlers" going on would lead to "negotiations."

## DUKE'S MOURNING CHARGER.

Now Becomes the Property of the Prince of Wales.

In many military funeral pageants the charger which follows the bier of the dead soldier is an ordinary trooper.

In the funeral procession of the late Duke of Cambridge the fine black charger, which showed some signs of restlessness occasionally, was the identical horse which has been ridden by his Royal Highness for many years at parades and reviews. He is a splendid old horse of nearly seventeen hands, son of Disturbance, a notable Grand National winner in the past.

At the stables in Grantham-place, Park-lane, there is still the thinnest little cob which, as lately as a year or two ago, the "Old Duke"—as he was always affectionately called in society—used at shooting parties. The charger which followed in the procession on Tuesday now becomes the property of the Prince of Wales.

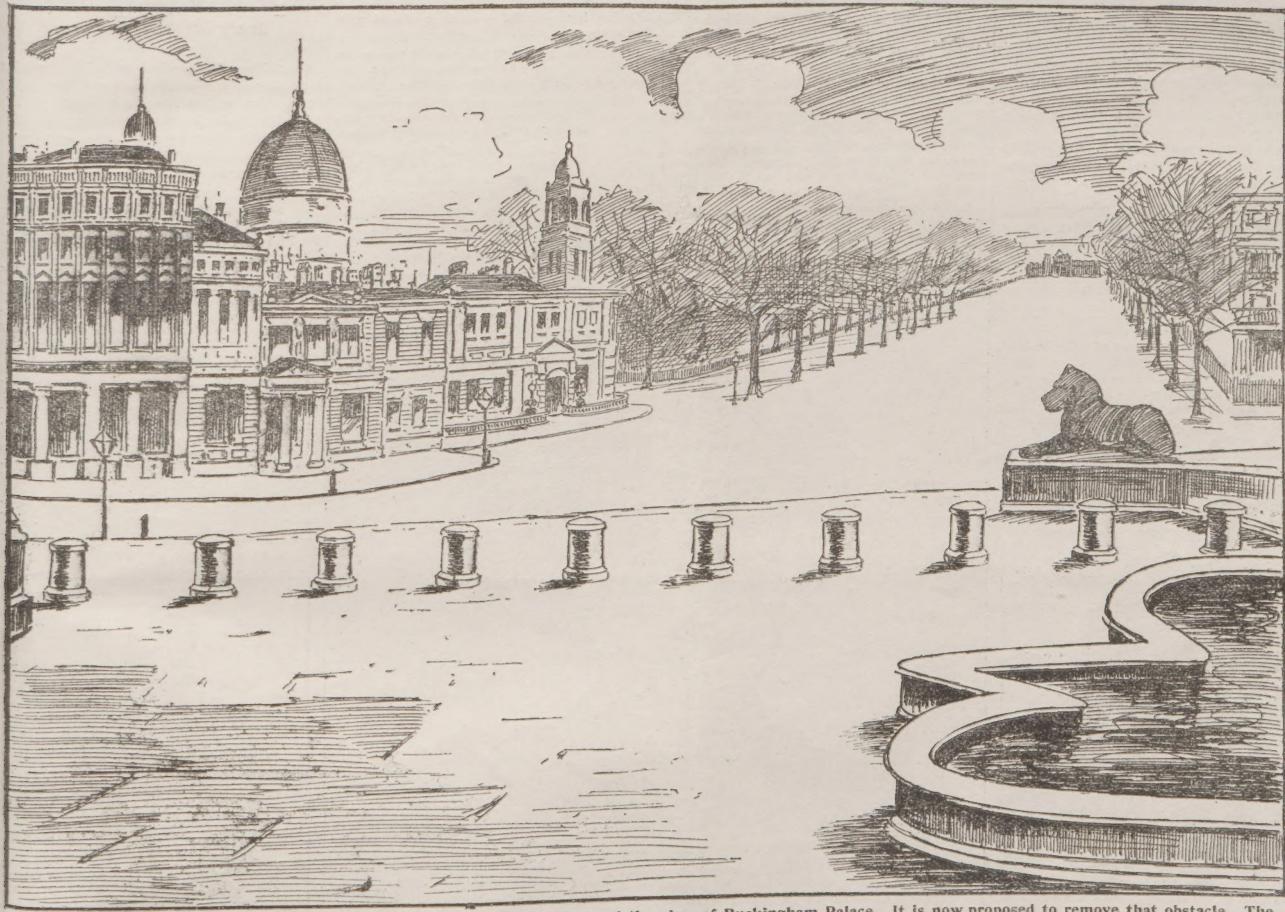
## BOOKMAKERS RAIDED.

A further arrest has taken place in Holland in connection with the frauds which it is alleged have been carried on in connection with sweepstakes on horse races.

Mr. Mackenzie, of Mackenzie Brothers, bookmakers, of Middelburg, is in the hands of the Dutch police, and will be handed over to the English law authorities to be charged here.

Two Frenchmen, the authors of the two recent Anarchist outrages at Liège, were arrested yesterday, and have made a confession.

## BUCKINGHAM PALACE VIEWED FROM TRAFALGAR-SQUARE.



A block of buildings in front of Trafalgar-square has for generations obscured the view of Buckingham Palace. It is now proposed to remove that obstacle. The result will be a charming view of the grey old Palace from the base of the Nelson column. Hitherto the royal residence has been hard to find by visitors to London.

["Mirror" artist.]

## TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: gusty north-easterly breezes; mostly fair and dry; some showers in the south-east; rather cold.

Lighting-up time: 7.18 p.m.

Sea passages will be rather rough over the North Sea and Straits of Dover; calm in the Irish Sea.

in the Dragoons, admitted losing £1,000 at cards in two evenings, besides £3,000 at Monte Carlo tables.—(Page 6.)

In the High Court yesterday Mrs. C. F. Clarke, of Patcham, Brighton, a dog-fancier, recovered £1,000 damages in an action brought by her for slander.—(Page 6.)

Outside the Mansion House yesterday a brougham was completely wrecked by a motor-van, the latter suddenly swerving when left unattended by the side of the roadway.—(Page 3.)

Sir C. Dilke has introduced a Bill in Parliament to qualify every man and woman of full age, whether married or single, to vote at parliamentary or local elections.—(Page 4.)

When a charge of arson and theft was investigated at Brentford it was stated that prisoner—a woman—was arrested through marks on a chisel, and the boots she wore corresponding to footmarks in a garden.—(Page 6.)

Sergeant A. Williams, of the R Division of Police, indicted at the Central Criminal Court for perjury, was found not guilty and discharged.—(Page 5.)

Cotton gambling in America and its relation to the suffering among the child toilers of Lancashire is explained in an illustrated article.—(Page 11.)

Louis Michel, the well-known French Socialist,

Patriotism has induced a hermit to plant himself in the earth in North Russia. Numbers of pilgrims are flocking to see him.—(Page 5.)

Mr. G. R. Sims, in an article on crime calls attention to "its business side," and cites some remarkable cases.—(Page 5.)

Cambidge showed a fine turn of speed in a test race between Hammersmith and Putney Bridges yesterday. The Oxford crew were restricted to light work on each occasion they were out.—(Page 13.)

Racing at Lincoln took place under favourable conditions. Vedas, who started favourite for the Brocklesby Stakes, made the whole of the running and won in a canter.—(Page 14.)

Money matters were discussed a good deal on the Stock Exchange yesterday. Satisfactory Home Returns failed to alter the state of the market.

Towards the close the tone of the Foreign market was less confident. Kaffirs were quiet, and the miscellaneous section one of some uncertainty.—(Page 15.)

## To-Day's Arrangements.

Lord Monkswell presides at the Annual General Meeting of the Council and Members of the Atlantic Union, House of Lords, Committee-room, 3.30 p.m. Musical Performance in Aid of the Inns of Court Mission, Queen's Gate Hall, 8.30.

Royal Naval Service Institution: Colonel T. Sturmy Cave on "Volunteer Training in Camp," Lord Donoughue presiding, 6.30.

Carpenters' Hall Lecture: Mr. Basil Mott on "Development of Methods of Construction," 8.30.

Lord Brassey presides at the Annual Dinner of the London Chamber of Commerce, Whitehall Rooms.

Mrs. Gladstone's Free Convalescent Home: Lord Ripon presides at a Meeting, 2, Carlton-gardens, S.W. 4.0.

Royal Society Club (1749): Banquet, Trocadero, Liverpool.

Racing: Liverpool.

## KING AS LAWYERS' GUEST.

## His Majesty Opens New Wing of Law Society's Building.

Loyal cheering greeted the King and Queen as they drove down Chancery-lane yesterday in the red-carpeted, flower-decked hall Lord Halsbury; Lord Alverstone, the Master of the Rolls; Lord Brampton; the Speaker; Lord James of Hereford, and other legal luminaries.

Several people were presented to the King and Queen, and her Majesty and Princess Victoria accepted lovely bouquets from Miss Rawie, daughter of the President of the Law Society.

"Miss Mirror" was there, too, and from a coign of vantage in the new Common Room, with its wonderful marble pillars and frieze of symbolic figures and plaques of fruits in brilliantly-painted clay, saw all that was going on.

She noticed how well the King looked, and how he pointed out legal gentlemen in the body of the hall to the Queen.

His Majesty listened carefully to the address of welcome, and expressed a wish to see the society's library, one of the largest in existence, and containing between 40,000 and 50,000 volumes.

After a tour of inspection the King and Queen went into a private room, where they took tea, and chatted for some time to different people who were presented to them.

Then, after expressions of gratification at all the arrangements, and wishes of success and prosperity to the Law Society, their Majesties took their leave, amidst bursts of cheering from inside, as well as outside, the building.

Finally, about half-past four, the last carriage drove away, and the falling hand of the policeman in Fleet-street announced that Chancery-lane was again open to traffic.

## ANIMATED MOTOR

## Inexplicably Attacks and Wrecks a Harmless Brougham.

A large motor-van standing at the corner of the Mansion House yesterday afternoon was waiting unmatted, drawn up close to the kerb. Suddenly without any warning the car gave a jerk, swerved round, and charged into and completely wrecked a brougham.

The coachman told a representative of the *Mirror* that he was taken entirely by surprise. One moment the motor was harmlessly vibrating opposite, and the next the tenanted van was charging full across the road at him. The horses had marvelously escaped.

The cause of the van's sudden rush could not be explained, but the policeman on the spot declared that the "thing suddenly started off on its own."

## IS THE AMEER DEAD?

## St. Petersburg Credits a Rumour of Tragedy.

Reuter's Agency telegraphs from St. Petersburg that a good deal of credence is given to a report from Askabat that Habibullah Khan, the Ameer of Afghanistan, has been poisoned.

It has been known, too, that for some time the Ameer's relations with his family have been the reverse of cordial. In particular has this been the case with his brother, Mohammed Umar Khan, and also with the latter's mother, the Bibi Halima.

The Bibi Halima's ambition to secure the throne for Umar Khan has always been notorious, and the peaceful nature of Habibullah's succession in October, 1901, came as a pleasant surprise to those who knew the real condition of affairs.

It is not so long since this same lady nearly caused open war in the family by refusing to hand over to Habibullah a suit of clothing studded with precious stones, which had belonged to the late Ameer.

Matters came to a head a few days ago, when Umar Khan was confined to his quarters as a state prisoner, because he had the superintendent of the royal stables beheaded for refusing to send him a horse. A day or two afterwards news came that he had been killed for allowing him to escape.

If the friction has culminated in the assassination of the Ameer the consequences may be serious.

## WHERE CATS ARE FOOD.

## They Are Eaten on Feast Days by Peasants in Northern Italy.

"I am not surprised to hear that an Italian has been eating cats. Why shouldn't he?" said an official of the Italian Consulate to a *Mirror* representative. "You were correctly informed yesterday—it is quite a common practice among the poor in Northern Italy to eat cats. On the mountains the people bury the bodies of the animals in the snow for some days before eating them—they say it makes them tender. The people are particularly fond of eating cats at feast times, and in the few days preceding a feast it is not safe for a good-looking cat to wander far."

"Such being the habits of the people in their own country, I am not surprised to hear that one of them has been helping himself to stray cats here in London. No one in England thinks of protecting cats, and the animals themselves are so unsuspecting they could be easily caught."

The Italian, who, by catching and eating two stray cats, has made himself so unpopular in Guildford-street, has, for the moment, at any rate, discontinued his practice.

His Italian acquaintances profess to go in fear of his knife, and are with difficulty persuaded to talk about his habits.

But one of them said that his appetite for cat was undiminished, and he would probably, wherever he was, be looking for more.

## LOUISE MICHEL DYING.

Warm-hearted Fury Who Shouldered a Musket.

Louise Michel, the famous French socialist—"The Red Virgin," as she was called—is said to be dying.

She played a conspicuous part in French politics during the days of the Commune.

Born in 1836, she was brought up to be a school-mistress, but political questions drew her thoughts away from her pupils, and she threw herself into the Republican movement.

She took a prominent part in the establishment of the Commune; and she stopped at nothing. "What is human life when great ideas are at stake?" was her cry and her justification for the deeds of the pétroleuses.

Nor did she hesitate herself to fight for the cause she preached.

Fierce, but Kindly.

In the wild days of the spring of 1871 she shouldered her musket and fought beside the soldiers, risking her life, also, during the siege by bringing in the wounded under fire.

When the reign of the Commune was ended and law and order restored, Louise, with other Communists, was arrested and tried by court-martial at Versailles, and was sentenced to transportation to New Caledonia.

It was during her captivity there that her natural kindness of heart and generosity showed itself



LOUISE MICHEL.

who used to lecture at the Old Athenaeum in Tottenham Court-road, is an Anarchist of worldwide reputation. Though the mildest little woman in the world to converse with, she is yet one of the most violent of revolutionists. At present Louise Michel is critically ill in Paris.

most, and M. Henri Rochefort, who was in exile with her, tells how she would insist upon sharing everything—even giving away her own clothing—with her fellow captives.

She returned to Paris after the amnesty of 1873, and resumed her revolutionary speeches, which were the cause of several riots. She was arrested and sentenced to five years' imprisonment, was pardoned, and returned yet again to preach her gospel. Altogether she was three times imprisoned, and so late as 1897 she was expelled from Belgium as an Anarchist, being arrested as she was about to address a meeting in Brussels.

For several years she lived in London, and was a leader of the Anarchist party over here. For the liberty enjoyed by the English people she expressed the greatest admiration—"No coercion, no surveillance, and where everyone can say exactly what one chooses, even to the extent of slandering the Queen if one feels so disposed—and all this can be done in Hyde Park!"

LOVE ROMANCE OF AN UGLY WOMAN.

Of forbidding aspect, she yet wielded an almost magnetic influence over both men and women, and she also had her love story—tragic and disastrous even as her life. Ferrié, the Communist leader, was her lover; he was shot after the break-up of the Commune, whilst Louise herself was awaiting trial at Versailles.

In reality she was one of the most generous and warm-hearted women, though a fanatic, with a strong vein of mysticism in her temperament.

She wrote a number of books, mostly historical novels, and two dramas, "Nadine," and "Le Coq Rouge," both of which were produced in Paris in the 'eighties.

## PORTSMOUTH MYSTERY UNSOLVED.

No clue which might lead to the discovery of the assailant who, with a poker, murderously attacked Mr. George Lindsay, the son of a Portsmouth brewer, while he lay asleep in bed on Monday night, is yet forthcoming.

There now seems some doubt as to whether the person belonging to Mr. Lindsay, senior, were actually taken from his desk. The desk had been forced open, and this coincided with the attack upon young Lindsay, led to the assumption that the house had been broken into for the purpose of securing certain documents, and that the son was attacked in mistake for his father, who was away from home at the time.

The injured youth still lies in an extremely precarious condition, and has not yet recovered consciousness.

## CHILD'S BODY AS FOOTBALL.

Noticing a brown paper parcel lying in a Clerkenwell street, some boys used it as a football. When the paper burst the body of a child was discovered.

It was that of a stillborn infant, and the verdict at the inquest yesterday was to that effect.

For wilfully damaging the glass of a fire alarm a labourer named Hershant was at Bow-street sentenced to two months' hard labour. For a similar offence he was in August last fined £20.

## MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

There was a meeting of the Cabinet at the Foreign Office yesterday afternoon.

Go Hing, the Chinaman shot by another Chinaman named Pong Pang, over a quarrel at dominoes, died at Liverpool yesterday.

Damage to the extent of £4,000 was done at Rushden by fire yesterday, a shoe factory, together with an adjoining building, being absolutely gutted.

Mrs. Helna Dorothea Minnear, the first white woman on the Rand, has just died. She was present at Dingaan's fight, and was in Johannesburg before it was proclaimed a goldfield.

Surprise was expressed in Heywood, Lancashire, yesterday, when it became known that Colonel Kemp, the free trade Unionist member, had definitely decided not to seek re-election. Mr. E.

During last year 367 dogs from abroad were detained in quarantine.

Dr. Deighton is encountering severe weather on his walk from Land's End to John o' Groat's. He has reached Dalwhinnie from Dunkeld.

While walking in her sleep yesterday morning a woman fell from her bedroom window to the pavement, a distance of 35ft., and was seriously injured.

Additional wreckage, supposed to be from the Greenock ship Lamonna, has been washed ashore off Victoria, B.C. Greenock officials do not believe, however, that the ship has been lost.

Mr. Balfour, in informing the Poplar Borough Council that he cannot receive a deputation on a petition in favour of equalisation of rates in the City of London, suggests that the President of the Local

## HOTEL PIONEER.

Mr. Frederick Gordon Dies Suddenly in the Riviera.

From Monte Carlo, where he had been staying some six weeks, came the news yesterday of the death, after only a few days' illness, of Mr. Frederick Gordon, at the age of sixty-nine. He was one of the most influential and successful men in London financial circles, but his claim to fame is chiefly that he was the inventor of the modern hotel.

As a solicitor with a large practice and some knowledge of the catering business, he conceived the idea of building the Grand Hotel, Charing Cross, and making a departure from the old uncomfortable style of hotel only suited to the requirements of the days of stage coaches. He spent money lavishly on the undertaking, and everyone predicted failure. But now that one hotel has grown to the sixteen magnificently appointed places in England and on the Continent, grouped under their founder's name as the Gordon Hotels, Limited. He was also connected with the following companies as president, chairman, or director:—A. and F. Pears, Limited; Apollinaris and Johannis, Limited; Ashanti Consols, Limited; Ashanti Goldfields Corporation, Limited; Ashanti Sanan Mines, Limited; Borelli, Limited; Frederick Hotels, Limited; Gordon Hotels, Limited; Guest, Keen, and Nettlefolds, Limited; Holborn and Frascati, Limited; Maple and Co., Limited.

Although he sat on the boards of companies representing a total capital of about £20,000,000, yet he

## HOW RUSSIA DEALS WITH TRAITORS.

## WHERE IS THE EARL?



Captivating Miss Agnes Fraser, whose bewitching smile has been caught by a "Mirror" artist, is one of the principal ladies in "The Earl and the Girl" at the Adelphi Theatre. The play is so attractive that the "House Full" notice is always out.

[Drawn from a photograph for the "Mirror."]

H. Holden, the Liberal candidate for the division, will be opposed by another Unionist.

A well-known American cotton planter, Mr. John Wilson, of Mississippi, left Liverpool yesterday with negroes for West Africa, to start cotton-growing in that country.

At the annual meeting of Lever Bros., at Port Sunlight, yesterday, Mr. W. H. Lever said that the model village was rapidly expanding, and the new schools, accommodating 1,200 children, were already congested.

From a tombstone in the churchyard of a Yorkshire village: Here lies the body of William Sturt, of Parsonage, buried May 18, 1655, aged 97. He had children by his first wife 28; by his second 17; own father to 45; grandfather to 86, great-grand-

Government Board be approached, the question being one under his jurisdiction.

Hugh Sloan, a Bolton youth, who has set himself the task of walking round the world in seven years, has reached Burnley, having already completed 1,400 miles in thirty-one days.

The Eton District Council having decided, as a result of the fatal fire at the college, to erect a new fire station, a Local Government Board inquiry into an application by the Council to borrow £5,000 for this purpose was held yesterday.

Martin, the French naval petty officer arrested on the charge of attempting to sell naval secrets to foreign Powers, was taken last night to Chelmsford, where he will shortly be tried by naval court-martial.

There was a stormy scene at the Council of French Ministers on Tuesday (says Reuter), M. Delcassé, Minister for Foreign Affairs, expressing as disapproval of the Premier's (M. Combes) policy in regard to Congregational schools.

There are no fewer than 1,708 laundries in London, employing 2,056 males and 24,903 females. Outside London, there are in the United Kingdom 3,942 laundries, with 6,338 males and 57,749 females employed.

Mr. H. F. Gasteau, a celebrated chess-player, has just died at Peckham. He was president of the City of London Chess Club, and among prominent players who used to assemble at his house was Mr. Ruskin.

Presiding yesterday at the annual meeting of the Institute of Naval Architects, the Earl of Glasgow said we were still watching and waiting for practical demonstration of the use of the steam turbine in large vessels.

At the funeral of the Hon. and Rev. E. P. Airey Talbot, who held the living of Evercreech for half a century, his predecessor in the living, his successor, and a former curate took part in the ceremony.

Plans and prices for the new Wesleyan building which is to rise on the old Westminster Aquarium site have been submitted by fifty architects. Nine hundred and eight thousand pounds have been subscribed towards the million guineas fund.

According to a Turin telegram, an operation has been successfully performed on the Duke of Aosta, who is suffering from a fracture of the left leg. The limb has been reset in plaster of paris after an examination by X rays.



No mercy is shown to traitors in Russia. For instigating the assassination of M. Sklafin, late Minister of the Interior, a veterinary surgeon named Gerasimov, was condemned to death and was meted out to this officer, Captain Ivakov, of the General Staff, who sold secret plans for the organisation of the field army to Japan.

[Drawn from a photograph for the "Mirror."]

was so modest and retiring a man and so singularly sensitive to the publication of personal gossip that he may be said to have been, as far as the "man in the street" is concerned, comparatively little known.

Intimate associates of Mr. Gordon say that he must have died worth many hundreds of thousands of pounds.

## PRINCE'S UNFORTUNATE CHILDREN.

The Kaiser's brother, Prince Henry, has been most unfortunate in his children. Of the three children the eldest, Prince Waldemar, who has just turned fifteen, has spinal disease, and is now undergoing a "cure" at the "Weissen Hirsch" at Dresden.

This cure consists of almost living in the open air.

The second son is also very delicate. The third was the only healthy one, and he died recently aged five, as the result of an accident. The Prince is suffering from depression owing to the loss of his youngest child.

## SIR C. DILKE AND WOMEN M.P.'S.

Sir Charles Dilke has introduced a Bill to qualify every man and woman of full age, whether married or single, to vote in parliamentary or local elections. Representation of universities would be abolished, and women qualified to hold any public office, including membership of the House of Commons.



THE AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN, who it is reported, has been poisoned, is a ruler whom Russia has sedulously courted for many years with a view to advancing her frontiers. Great Britain has had to talk firmly to the Ameeer on this subject more than once.

Father to 97; great-great-grandfather to 23; in all 251.

Mr. Balfour announced in the Commons that the Licensing Bill would be introduced after Easter.

## MORE TAXES.

Five Millions Deficit May Have to be Provided For.

The question of the hour is: "Are our taxes about to be increased?" to which experts reply in the affirmative.

Last year Mr. Ritchie estimated that the national expenditure for the twelve months ending March 31 next would be £144,064,000, but Supplementary Estimates have raised this to £148,564,000—an increase of four-and-a-half millions. He anticipated that the year's revenue would be £144,270,000, but up to March 19 only £133,716,343 had been paid into the Exchequer, and it seems likely that the total for the year will be under £143,500,000—a decrease of over three-quarters of a million pounds.

Hence on March 31, when the present financial year closes, Mr. Austen Chamberlain will probably be confronted with a deficit of something like five million pounds.

These figures may not prove to be absolutely correct. It seems probable that the year's revenue will be £143,500,000, but it may be a little more or less. It depends on what is paid into the Exchequer between March 19 and March 31.

But the most optimistic prophets say that the year's expenditure is likely to be at least five million pounds more than the revenue.

## How Will Deficit be Met?

So much for the year that is now closing. The prospects for the coming year are hardly more cheerful.

The estimates for the next twelve months allow for an expenditure of £142,500,000. The present taxation cannot be expected to yield nearly as much as that. So in the 1904-5 financial year there will probably be a large estimated deficit.

Thus it is obvious that Mr. Austen Chamberlain will have to face a serious difficulty, and the nation is anxiously waiting to see what he will do. There are only two ways in which the deficit can be met—by suspending the Sinking Fund or by additional taxation. There are strong reasons why the former course should not be adopted—the National Debt has grown considerably during the last few years—and it seems certain that the Chancellor of the Exchequer will present a scheme of increased taxation.

There are many rumours afloat, but it is impossible for anyone to say what form his proposal will take—how he will readjust the already heavy burden of taxation on the back of John Bull.

The solution most in favour among the Party seems to be an increase of import duties.

## MARCH OF THE WASHERWOMEN.

There was (writes our Paris correspondent) a great crowd at Neuilly to watch the start of half a hundred pretty washerwomen for their walk. They turned up in every variety of costume, from the linen caraco (left open at the neck), in which they ply their trade, to the knickerbockers and smart Jersey of the Paris athlete of the softer sex.

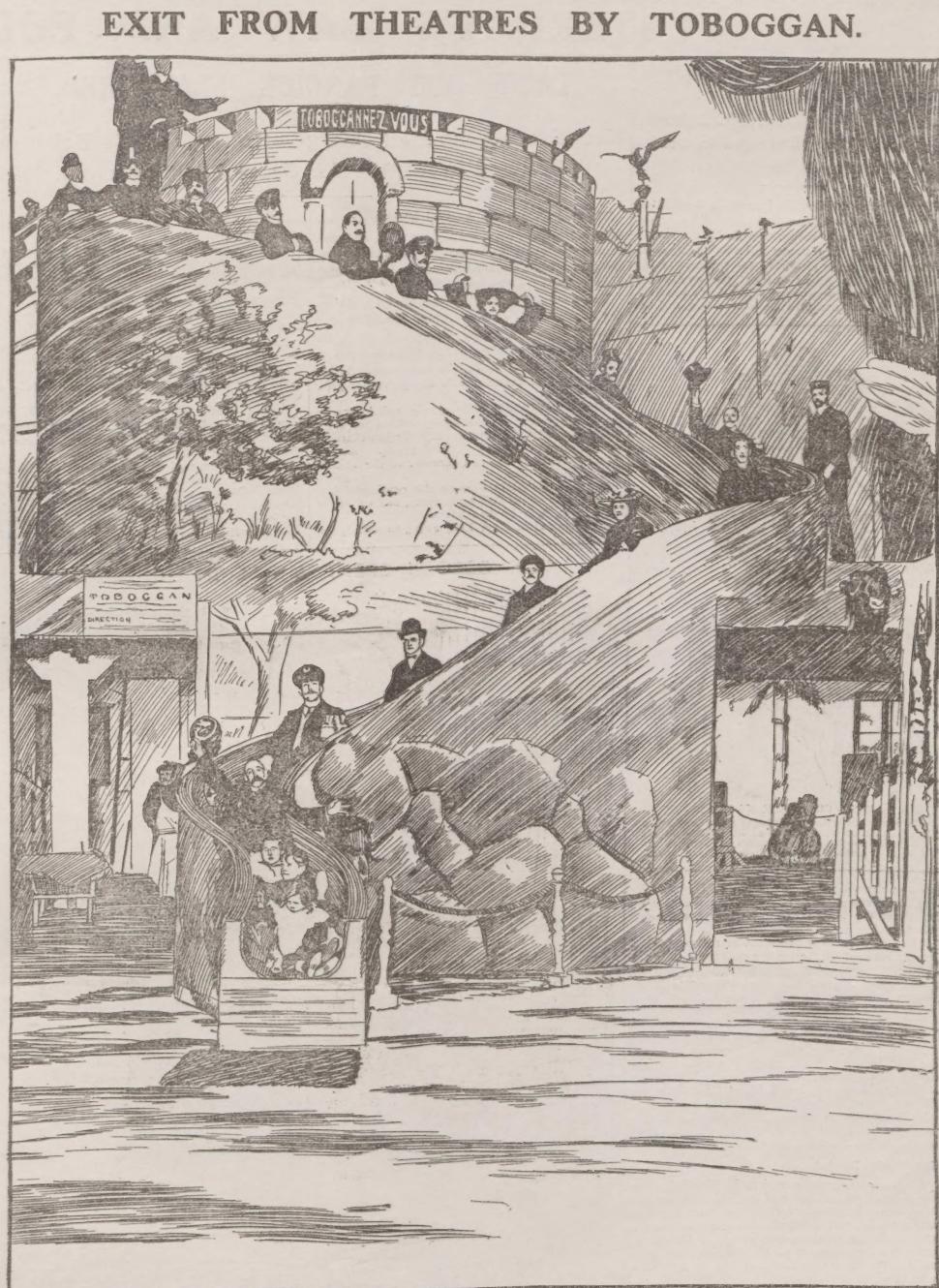
How they walked, the little washerwomen! It was no easy task for the mere Paris cab to keep up with them, and as for male pedestrians, those who were untrained for the contest were soon left behind and forced to get a lift in a friend's automobile. At the winning-post a large crowd had assembled, and the winner and second and third were cheered to the echo and hoisted shoulder-high to be kissed, congratulated, and presented with good prizes.

Our Paris correspondent forwards a photograph of one of the contestants who bravely chose to walk the distance in her everyday costume. This photograph, taken specially for the *Mirror*, appears on Page 8.

## PRESS HELPS POOR IRELAND.

During the past sixteen years the handsome sum of £100,000 has been sent to Ireland, chiefly to cottagers, in return for work made by them and sold in England.

This gratifying result is announced by the Countess of Londonderry, president of the London Council of the Irish Industries Association, who says this has been accomplished without any element of charity, the entire necessary publicity having been given freely by the Press, a publicity calculated as being of the money value of £26,000.



Mr. Bostock, of the Paris Hippodrome, has invented a toboggan slide for use in emptying theatres and public buildings. It is an ingenious device, and next week the Theatres Committee of the L.C.C. will consider the advisability of adopting the idea. There is already a similar toboggan at the Glasgow "Zoo." The above picture illustrates the delights of sliding to safety.

[from Mr. Bostock's design.]

## FANTASTIC MASKS IN REMOTE TIBET.



The Tibetans have been celebrating their annual spring carnival. It is a religious function conducted on lines that seem unspeakably gruesome to the Western mind, showing that in spring a devout Tibetan's mind lightly turns to thoughts of horror.

[Drawn from a photo for the "Mirror".]

## MURDER AS A BUSINESS.

Striking Character Study of a Professional Criminal.

In "London Opinion," the new weekly, Mr. G. R. Sims discusses "What shall we do with our Criminals?" pointing out how necessary it is that the businesslike attitude of the professional criminal should be recognised and understood.

Even murder, he contends, may be sometimes committed as a business solely planned for profit with business ability and business calculation. As an instance of this, Mr. Sims cites the case of a man (he evidently refers to Edwards, the Leyton murderer) who killed a young married couple and their child in order to get a few pounds, cut them up, and buried them in a garden.

At the Old Bailey trial everyone put the murderer down as a vulgar miscreant devoid of all human feeling. But Mr. Sims quotes from two letters written from gaol by the man which betray no trace of temper or insanity. On the contrary, they are marked by moderation and consideration for others.

In one of these the murderer expresses his regret to the woman he loved that she had not been to see him, but he begs her, if she comes, not to bring their child, a boy:

I use this opportunity of writing to let you know that if you desire to see me before I go I should be most happy. At the same time I wish you to clearly understand that the matter is entirely in your hands; use your own discretion. I should very much like to see you, but I certainly should not like you to come if it will upset or distress you in any way whatever.

The other letter is an expression of indignation that for his defence it was endeavoured to make out his father was an habitual drunkard, and that the murderer—was the victim of inherited insanity.

## HUMAN TREE.

Russian Hermit Who Has Planted Himself Through Patriotism.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ST. PETERSBURG, Sunday.

Many peasants are setting out from all parts of North Russia to visit the remarkable hermit, Prokhor Selenitch, otherwise known as the "Hairy Man of Archangel."

Selenitch has long been known for his eccentric ways of proving his piety. Five years ago he cut off all the fingers of his left hand in a fit of religious frenzy. On hearing that the Russians had suffered disaster in the Far East he declared that this was the result of their sins, which could only be atoned for by a "sacrifice to Mother Earth." He professed at first not to know the meaning of this.

On St. John the Baptist's Day, however, he had a revelation, ordering him to "plant himself in darkness in the first earth he trod on, there to remain until the infidels were beaten or until birchleaves sprouted from his mutilated hand."

As Selenitch's cabin had an earthen floor, he understood this to mean that he was to plant himself where he stood. He blocked up the windows, and had a double door fitted to his hut so as to exclude the light, and then dug a hole and planted himself in the earth up to his knees.

There he remains, attended only by a little granddaughter. He fares well, as the pilgrims who visit him fill his hut with offerings of food and drink.

In textile factories in the United Kingdom in 1901 there were 1,029,553 persons employed, of whom 659,142 were women.

## YESTERDAY'S LAW AND POLICE.

## SIDELIGHTS ON DIVORCE.

Cross-examination of Mr. Osborn, the Solicitor Engaged in the Strange Pollard Case.

Throughout yesterday the interest in the Pollard divorce suit, which has entered upon such a sensational stage owing to the intervention of the King's Proctor to prevent the decree nisi obtained by Mrs. Pollard being made absolute, was confined to the evidence of Mr. Albert Osborn, the petitioner's solicitor. From the opening of the day's proceedings Mr. Osborn occupied the witness-box, and his



MRS. CULPEPER CLARKE, who was yesterday mulcted £1,000 against a kennel keeper who slandered her as one of the best known bulldog fanciers in England. (Sketched in court by a "Mirror" artist.)

cross-examination by Sir Edward Carson, the Solicitor-General, who is conducting the case on behalf of the King's Proctor, was not concluded when the Court rose for the day.

Mr. Osborn, who has been the first witness called by Sir Edward Clarke for the purpose of refuting the very serious charges made against Messrs. Slater's, the City detective agency engaged in the divorce suit, yesterday proceeded with his account of the visit he paid to Plymouth. Witnesses called by the Solicitor-General, it will be recollect, allege that a Plymouth girl named Maud Goodman was forced to give false evidence against Mr. Pollard in support of the petition for divorce brought by his wife.

After he had interviewed Maud Goodman, Mr. Osborn stated, in reply to Mr. Bargrave Deane, who continued the examination of the witness, that he wrote out her statement, and this she ultimately signed at the Swan public-house.

## Emphatic Denial.

An emphatic denial was given by Mr. Osborn to the allegation that he had met Mr. Slater and Mr. Henry in October, 1901, and that they had arranged, as was alleged, that persons in the employment of Slater's should go to Plymouth, make the acquaintance of Mr. Pollard, and after making him intoxicated, induce him to go with a woman of loose character.

In reply to Sir Edward Carson's cross-examination, Mr. Osborn said he had never troubled himself about the Jersey incident. He certainly thought it was a disgraceful thing if it was done for the purpose of the case.

The Solicitor-General inquired from Mr. Osborn as to the identity of Mr. Knowles, whose name has been already mentioned in the case. The witness replied that he was a gentleman with an income. He had no business occupation.

Sir E. Carson: A gentleman of independent means—he nothing to do?—He manages his own estates.

What relation is he to Mrs. Pollard?—None that I know of.

Was it he who paid you?—Yes.

£540 From Mr. Knowles.

How much?—£540, which included my expenses to Plymouth.

That was a very large sum for an undefended divorce case?—The sum is large, but there were four journeys to Plymouth. I am entitled to get as much as I can.

In addition to the £540 Mr. Knowles paid to you, did he pay £2,290 to Slater's?—I don't know about that.

Who is finding the money for this trial?—Mr. Knowles.

Answering further questions, Mr. Osborn said that in 1902 he was engaged in fifteen cases with Slater's. There was a private telephone between their offices. He could not say that his fees in those cases were as high as in the Pollard case.

"Buying Evidence."

He went to Plymouth as a solicitor and not as a detective. He had told the women whose statements he had taken that he was a solicitor. He denied paying the girls to give evidence, but he thought he would have been entitled to pay if he could not get their evidence without.

Sir Francis Jeune: Oh!

Sir E. Carson: Do you mean to buy their evidence?—No.

Sir E. Carson: In dealing with a loose woman, you think you are entitled to give her money to give her evidence if you cannot get it without?

Witness: If she told me she would not give her evidence unless I had her money I think I should be entitled to do so.

The hearing will be resumed to-day.

## LADY DOG FANCIER SLANDERED.

Kennelman Who Had Charge of Mrs. Clarke's Bulldogs Mulcted in £1,000 for Gross Misstatements.

The Law Courts are familiar with slander actions in which servants sue their masters and mistresses—especially the latter—but for a mistress to bring a suit against her servant for defamation is a very unusual occurrence.

The unusual happened in the Lord Chief Justice's Court yesterday, when Mrs. Charlotte Frances Culpeper Clarke brought an action for slander against an old man, seventy-two years of age, named Walter Main, who was formerly in her employment as kennelman in charge of her prize bulldogs.

Mrs. Clarke is a lady extremely well known in the bulldog world. She has possessed for some time large breeding kennels, and she has taken at various shows over two hundred prizes. Among other distinctions she is a member of the Ladies' Kennel Association.

She engaged Main because she considered him to be a very clever bulldog breeder, and he was in her employment for two years.

They parted in May, 1903, owing to a disagree-

ment. The rest of the sentence was a very unpleasant one.

An even more extraordinary story was that of Mr. George Murrell, who is also a bulldog expert. Main, in conversation with him, he told the Court, made a charge against Mrs. Clarke with the kennelman's cottage on a Christmas Eve. On that occasion, Main's allegation was that she misconducted herself.

The most remarkable story of all was that of the witness who deposed to the fourth slander. This was Mr. James William Churchill, who is a bulldog expert to Sir Daniel and Lady Gooch of Clewer Park.

"Main came to me one day," said Mr. Churchill, "and remarked, 'I have misconducted myself with Mrs. Clarke, and she used to come to my cottage to commit misconduct.'

The appearance of Mrs. Clarke herself in the witness-box caused a flutter among many fair fellow bulldog fanciers, who had come to court to hear the case. Mrs. Clarke is an intellectual-looking lady, with small, clean-cut features. She went into the witness-box armed with a bottle of smelling-salts.

## MR. OSBORN SPENT A DAY IN THE BOX.



Throughout the whole of yesterday's proceedings in the "Detectives and Divorce" case Mr. Osborn, the solicitor for Mrs. Pollard, the petitioner, was under the fire and cross-fire of Sir Edward Clarke and Sir Edward Carson. He heaved a sigh of relief when the Court rose for the day. (Sketched in court by a "Mirror" artist.)

ment about Mr. Main's right to go up to London without leave, and shortly after this Mrs. Clarke discovered that the kennelman had been making some amazing statements about her, chiefly at bulldog shows, which he attended in the capacity of an expert.

The first of these statements and the circumstances under which it was made were detailed to the Court by a Mrs. Evans, who is herself a bulldog fancier.

Mrs. Evans was attending the show of the Ladies' Kennel Club held at the Aquarium last year, when Main, whom she knew as Mrs. Clarke's kennelman, came and spoke to her. He opened the conversation in rather an abrupt way by asking her for a secretary to make extracts and translations.

Then he introduced the subject of Mrs. Clarke, and made one of the four speeches which formed the matters for which damages were claimed. His words were, "That little—here he employed a very objectionable term—is worse than ever. She is worse than half the women who walk Regent-street."

"I thought it was very horrid," explained Mrs. Evans, with a look for sympathy towards the Lord Chief Justice and the jury, "and I asked my husband and my friends whether it could be true. You know one asks one's friends those things."

Mr. Stewart, who is a veterinary surgeon at Hove, had an equally strange tale to tell. He gave a total denial to having uttered the peculiar statements attributed to him. When he was asked whether he was a canine specialist he retorted, as if he resented the question, "No; I am a millet."

The jury did not find it necessary to leave the box in order to arrive at their verdict—in favour of Mrs. Clarke, with £1,000 damages.

Mr. Lawson Walton asked for an injunction, in addition, restraining Main from uttering further slanders. This was granted, Mr. Bowes consenting with her he walked down to the kennels, and met Main.

"Well," said that worthy, "I suppose you have been lunching with Mrs. Clarke, and I suppose I

ing-salts, with which she continually refreshed herself.

For a considerable part of the time during which she was giving evidence she told a story that was subsidiary to the principal story under the consideration of the Court. She is now living, she said, with a gentleman (Mr. Septimus Clarke) who is not her husband. Her real husband, Dr. Robert Henry Clarke, whom she left some years ago, has refrained from taking divorce proceedings. Mr. Septimus Clarke is a cousin of the doctor, and was formerly in his employment as a secretary to make extracts and translations.

But everybody whose acquaintance she made, she added, was told by her what her real position was. She made no secret of it.

Coming to the less delicate subject of bulldogs, Mrs. Clarke described her prize-winning exploits, and told the Court that the only time she spoke to Main, her kennelman, was when she visited the kennels to look at the bulldogs.

In strange contrast to his mistress was Main, the kennelman, whom Mr. Bower called without making any speech.

Main is a tall, burly-built old man, and he gave his evidence in a very determined fashion. He gave a total denial to having uttered the peculiar statements attributed to him. When he was asked whether he was a canine specialist he retorted, as if he resented the question, "No; I am a millet."

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## HIGH PLAY AT BRIDGE.

Debts of An Ex-Officer Who Lost £1,000 at Cards in Two Nights.

Bankruptcy proceedings seldom reveal a more remarkable story of the expenditure of a young man about town than in the case of Mr. Hyman Andrade Davis, of Mandeville-place, W., who appeared before Mr. Registrar Giffard in answer to a petition presented by a firm of stockbrokers.

The debtor recently held a commission in the 2nd Dragoon Guards. For some months, between 1901 and 1902, he was in South Africa, and while out there he succeeded to between £14,000 and £15,000 on the death of his grandfather, with a reversionary interest in £20,000 invested in Consols expectant on the last survivor of seven persons, as well as a moiety of house property situate in New York, which he valued at £39,000.

Early in 1903 he began realising the securities and spending the money more freely. They realised altogether £16,875.

## £3,000 at Monte Carlo.

In answer to the Registrar he admitted that he had lost money by speculating on the Stock Exchange, and by betting and cards. In the course of two visits to Monte Carlo he got through about £3,000 at the tables. He had gone in for racing also and had owned one horse and had a half share in another.

Since January, 1903, Mr. Davis stated that he had spent £23,320 as follows:—

Personal expenditure, £6,126.

Jewellery presented to friends, £2,500.

Military expenses, £1,000.

Losses by betting and gambling, £10,700.

Losses by speculation on the Stock Exchange, £3,000.

There were losses at cards also, the debtor informing the Registrar that on one occasion he dropped £1,000 at bridge in two nights. Jewellery, for which he still owes £1,215, had been chiefly for ladies. In the case of a pearl necklace, costing £580, he had paid £350 off the price. Other items in the jewellery bill were two hatspins at £11 10s. and a tassel at £85. Beyond a cigarette-case and a pair of links, he had no jewellery of his own.

The total indebtedness indicated by the accounts was over £11,000, but Mr. Davis estimates surplus assets at over £19,000. The examination was concluded.

## FOOTSTEP CLUE.

Curious Circumstances of a Charge of Arson and Theft.

A strange story was unfolded at Brentford Police Court yesterday in connection with a charge of arson preferred against Miss Clara Groves, thirty, boarding-house keeper, of Oxford-road, Ealing. She was further accused of stealing wedding-presents belonging to Mr. Kenneth Menzies, draper, of Napoleon-road, St. Margaret's-on-Thames, who also figured as prosecutor in the first case.

Mr. Menzies told how, on returning home on the night of March 6, he noticed a strong smell of burning, and on making an examination found that the curtains in the drawing-room had been completely burnt down. A further search showed that the French window had been forced, and that burn matches were lying inside on the carpet. In the garden he found traces of a woman's footstep on the flower-bed.

Suspicion fell on Miss Groves, and Detective-sergeant Lambert went to her house at Ealing, and asked her to account for her movements on March 6.

She said she was indoors the whole of the time. Whilst talking the sergeant noticed her throw something away in a cupboard, and on searching he discovered a screw-driver.

The sergeant pointed out to Miss Groves the screw-driver had marks of paint on it similar to the paint on the door of Mr. Menzies's house. Her boots, too, corresponded with the marks in question's garden.

On March 15, when he went to the prisoner's house, the officer found the stolen property there with other things packed in two boxes. It was alleged that the goods were taken while prosecutor was on a visit to Rochester.

Prisoner, who deserved her defence, was committed for trial.

## SERGEANT ACCUSED OF PERJURY.

Sergeant Alfred Williams, of the R Division, Metropolitan Police, yesterday appeared at the Old Bailey to answer a charge of committing perjury in evidence given by him at Greenwich in a betting case.

Prisoner summoned a bookmaker named Taylor, and swore he saw him receive bets in Trafalgar-road on certain dates. Taylor proved an alibi, calling evidence to show he was then at race meetings. The case against him was dismissed. Williams later admitted that he must have made a mistake. In his statement for the prosecution Mr. Elliott said that the prisoner was a most unsatisfactory officer, upon whose evidence one could not rely.

The Recorder suggested a genuine mistake on the part of the prisoner. On asking the jury if they had heard sufficient of the case the foreman intimated that they had.

A verdict of not guilty having been returned, Williams was discharged from custody.

Mr. Mead, the Thames magistrate, has been appealed upon by Sir William Broadbent. He was last evening stated to be in a very critical condition.

When remanding a prisoner who looked despondent till the next sessions, the Old Bailey Judge yesterday told him to "cheer up," and not allow himself to become low-spirited.

Albert Barr, a young man of twenty-five, who refused his address, was at Marylebone yesterday sentenced to three months' hard labour for attempting to pick pockets in Hatton-road on the occasion of the funeral of the late Duke of Cambridge.



# THE GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF "THE DAILY ILLUSTRATED"

MISS LOUISE RAYMONDE, THE SWEET SINGER.



This charming actress takes the part of Lillie de Jones in "The Love-Birds," and her singing contributes much to the popularity of the production. As a soprano Miss Raymonde nightly delights the audiences at the Savoy in the "Venus Theatre" episode of the play. [Fellows Willson, Photo]

## MECHANICAL MILKING OF COWS.



Some day, it would appear, the dairymaid's occupation will be gone, so far, at least, as the milking of cows is concerned. A mechanical process has been invented which accomplishes the work effectively and gently. Under its operation the cows have never been known to kick over the milking pail. [No milking pail is used.] [The "Mirror," Photo for]

## AFTER THE THAMES FLOODS.



The prolonged floods up the river delayed the work of building the new Dorney locks at Teddington. Now that the weather has dried his tears the Thames Valley smiles again, and gangs of workmen [Photo for] are busy day and night making up for lost time in the construction of the new locks. [The "Mirror," Photo for]

YOUNG HERO OF THE A1.



Among the eleven men who lie entombed in the sunken submarine A1 is Lieut. J. P. Churchill, who was second in command. This picture was taken shortly before his promotion. The young lieutenant was a particular favourite with all who knew him, and his sad fate is deeply lamented, as all believed he had a bright career before him. [Lebenham, Southsea, Photo]

## PARIS WASHERWOMEN'S QUICK MARCH.



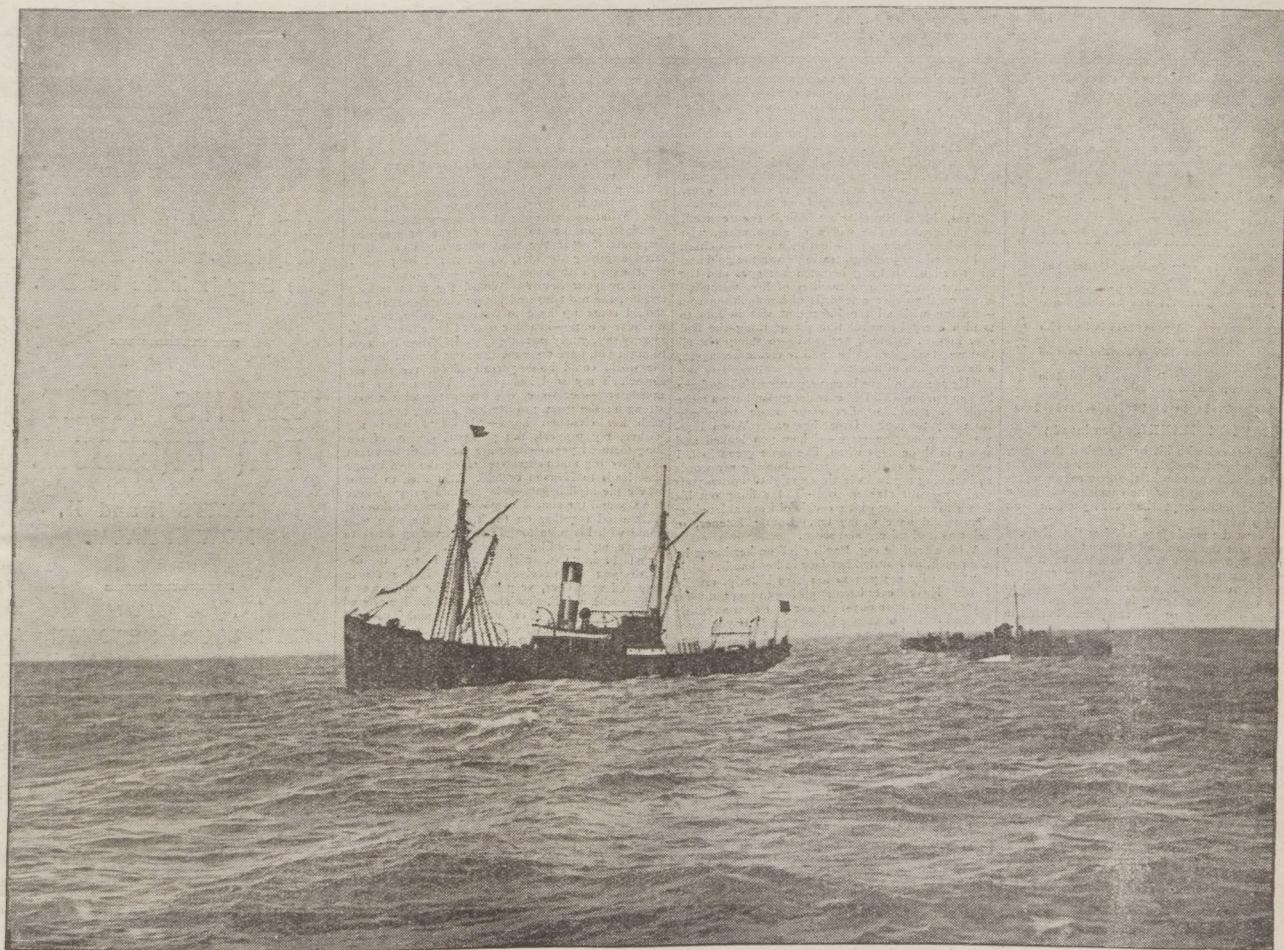
Attired in knickerbockers and jerseys, half a hundred Parisian washerwomen had a walking match yesterday. The girls, who make up the wealth capital of the gilded youth of Paris, could not keep up with them all day to take care. The washerwoman first reached the winning-post at Dijon, was carried shoulder-high, kissed, congratulated, and rewarded with a good prize. [The "Mirror," Photo for]

Having concluded Vesuvius, and with the bear dropped his n

Photo for

# "DAILY ILLUSTRATED MIRROR" EXCEEDS 145,000 COPIES PER DAY.

IN GRIPS WITH THE SUNKEN SUBMARINE A1.



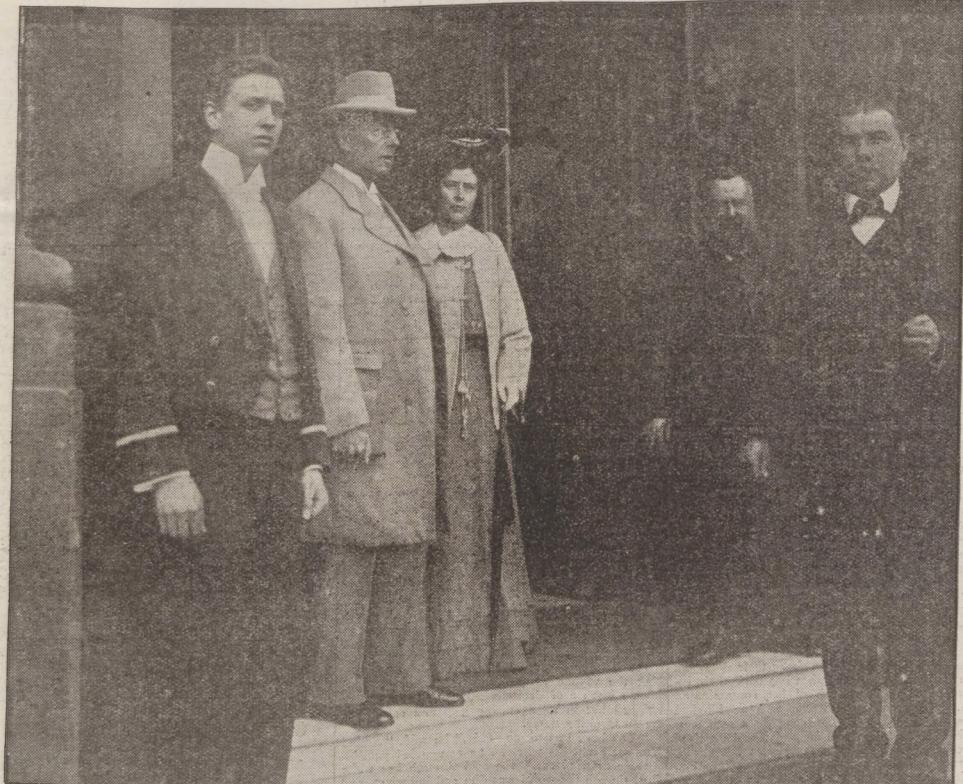
The above illustration shows a chain hanging from the stern of the Belos, which is attached to the submarine A1 lying fast at the bottom of the Solent. The white shape beside the torpedo-boat represents the little craft used by the divers who are busily at work beneath the placid surface.

[Cribb]

ne A1 is Lieut. is taken shortly  
vourite with all  
he had a bright  
Lebenham, Southsea.

RCH.

## MR. CHAMBERLAIN ON THE HOME TRAIL.



Having concluded his well-earned Egyptian holiday, Mr. Chamberlain is here photographed at his hotel in Naples. He has viewed Vesuvius, and is expected to emulate the volcano in Parliament later on. By his side stands Mrs. Chamberlain. But the gentleman with the beard is not the Duke of Norfolk; nor is the other Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Mr. Chamberlain, be it noted, has dropped his monocle for eye-glasses. It will be noticed that Mr. Chamberlain appears to be in excellent health and spirits, notwithstanding rumours to the contrary during his absence.

[Adelphi Press Agency]

## HOUSE OF COMMONS' MANNERS.

Mr. Crosland, of "Unspeakable Scot" and "Lovely Woman" fame, dwelt in the "Gentlewoman" on the decadence of the "unlovely man." He is no longer a tyrant; women had him entirely under her heel. His manners are perfect; a sweet reasonableness and poorness of spirit are his. "Taking it season for season," says Mr. Crosland, "the House of Commons is probably the truest mirror of manners for men to be found in the kingdom; and here what do you see? Session by session—and one might almost say sitting by sitting—the tendency is more and more to civility,



MAJOR SEELEY, D.S.O.  
has had enough of Parliament for the present. Rather than support the Chinese labour policy of the Government, he has resigned his seat as representative of the Isle of Wight. He lives to fight another day. [Hughes & Mullins]

unruffled aspects and hatreds of the livid rather than the angry order. At rare intervals some overwrought middle-class member gets shaking his fist, and the entire assemblage, not to mention the Press of this country, is inexplicably pained and shocked. Rude words are never heard, angry speeches are regarded with grave disfavour; in his office as keeper of order the Speaker has practically very little to do. And whilst the House of Commons is notoriously not half the place it once was. It has lost heart, it has lost effect, the glory of it is departed, and everybody who knows anything about it at all knows that it is eaten up with jealousies and animosities and implacabilities of a kind which our grandfathers would have deemed a suitable for a ladies' school.

# AT A MAN'S MERCY.

By META SIMMINS, Author of "The Bishop's Wife," &c.

"Love's rosy bonds to iron shackles turned  
Are worse than red-eyed hate."

## PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

OSWALD DRUMMOND: A very rich connoisseur of precious stones. Cynthia's uncle, who has been mysteriously murdered.

MILES FARMILOR: A scoundrel who has gone through a mock marriage with Pauline years ago. He has been arrested on suspicion of murdering Drummond, but has escaped.

CYNTHIA GRAHAM: Just a pretty, lovely English girl.

PAULINE WOODRUFFE: The beautiful wife of John Woodruffe. She fears her husband, owing to her secret marriage with Miles Farmiloe.

SIR GEORGE GRAHAM: Father of Cynthia and Pauline Woodruffe.

JOHN WOODRUFFE: Husband of Pauline. A man who loves his wife because she is beautiful.

ARTHUR STANTON: A young man in love with Cynthia Graham.

FABIAN GHISWOLD: The millionaire lover of Cynthia.

INSPECTOR WRIGHT: Detective interested in the Drummond murder case.

## CHAPTER XXXIII. (continued.)

Woodruffe stood with his back against the door, which he had just locked, and looked across the room at the woman, who at the first sound of his knock had sprung up from the couch to which the well-meaning housekeeper had consigned her, an unwilling prisoner.

One look at the man's face told her that the end had come, that the blow had fallen at last, as she had always known it must, and with the knowledge all the nervous trembling, the agonising suspense and tension, relaxed. She faced him a woman of stone, a calm victim ready for execution. She would not fight, deny, or lie; she placed herself in the hands of fate and waited.

Still he did not speak, but looked at her grimly; his eyes held hers with a magnetic stare. A strange feeling, as though her very life depended upon returning that look, possessed her. Unconsciously she raised her hand to push back the masses of her loosened hair, which hung in disorder over her, bro' into her eyes.

"What have you to say for yourself?" he asked at last, "that I should not kill you as you stand there—send you to join your lover?"

His voice spoke the spell which bound her. "I have no lover," she cried wildly, "for God's sake, John, don't stand there looking at me with those eyes, or I shall go mad. Am I so little to you that you should condemn me unheard?"

He made a brief movement of anger. "You have been so much to me in the past," he cried passionately, "that it is only the thought of my son that renders these hands powerless to choke your living breath from you. My son—he is my son."

"John!" There was a keen note of pain in the woman's voice. She made a few unsteady steps towards him, and fell back quelled by the contempt, the hatred in his face. For one supreme instant fear dominated her mental anguish; she felt along with a madman—a man who had already tasted blood, whetted his appetite for slaughter. On her calmness depended her safety; she caught at the carved mantelpiece to steady herself, and looked at him steadfastly. "You have no right to ask me such a question," she said, with quiet dignity.

"No right?" The man laughed, such a hideous travesty of mirth that it chilled her blood. "For give me, O paragon of virtue, O most faithful wife, I am unthilled; I find it hard to pick my words. Out of such a tissue of lies and deceit it takes more faith than I am master of to see one spot of truth. Seeing that you honoured me by accepting the shelter of my name, it seemed conceivable that you might have extended your patronage even further—"

"I deserve all the blame and scorn that you can cast upon me," she cried, "for I have been a coward—a base, base coward; but not a bad woman, John—not that; faithful to you and loving—ah, God knows how loving—knows that from my very passion rose this monstrous growth of conceit."

"Bad!" he ejaculated. "What do you call bad? What do you call a woman who perjures herself at God's altar, whose every sitting down and uprising, for years and years, is a lie? What do you call a woman who forces her way, like some poisonous weed, into the fat garden of a man's honour, poses as his wife, gives her child a heritage of shame? Oh, my God!" he broke off abruptly, overcome by a new anguish in his thoughts. The whole scroll of his life with this woman unfolded itself before him, the passion of his love for her beauty, the greediness of his pride in his unassisted nobility, all the wild, mad dreams he had dreamed for the future of this child, born of such passionate love, nurtured in such an atmosphere of wholeness, clean-minded, unconventionality!

"Poies as his wife?" she repeated. "I am your wife—whatever happens I am your wife—you cannot repudiate me."

"I am not so sure of that," he said, in a hard, unnatural voice, "not sure, first, if you are my wife; less sure, if such is the case, whether public repudiation is not the only knife that can cut this cancer from me. Who were you, what were you, when you married me?"

He looked at her keenly, more naturally. The desperate woman, searching his face with hungering eyes, imagined she caught a gleam of not altogether hopeless interrogation in it.

With an impulsive cry she stretched out her hands to him. "Oh, have you no pity, no forgiveness?" she entreated. "I was so afraid to lose you—and he was dead—dead. I had never been anything to him in reality—never anything. I was so young! My heart and soul we're not born them."

He interrupted her with a fierce sound, the savage snarl of a dog rather than articulate human speech. "Answer my question. What were you when you married me?"

She looked at him and faltered, some of her old hesitation returning. "Oh, it is so hard—how much do you know? Where does your knowledge begin?"

He cut short her outburst with a stern reiteration of his question. "I know the whole infamous truth—to my shame, I look to you to paint in the details."

"I believed that I was a widow when I married you," she said slowly.

"A widow?" Again he laughed harshly and unmercifully. There was such brutal meaning in the repeated words that Pauline, meeting his eyes, felt hot shame tingle swiftly from head to foot.

"Yes, Miles Farmiloe's widow," she retorted, passionately. "The widow of a scoundrel, who married an innocent girl—less than a girl—a child and treated her brutally, tearing down the gold and silver veil which hung between her eyes and the sordid, most gruesome realities of life, trampling down on the delicate tendrils of her budding soul—striving with all the force that was in him to tarnish every beautiful thought or thing she had ever known, to break her spirit—to stamp out all that was God-given in her and re-create her again, a baser replica of himself."

"He seems to have been very successful—to have had an apt pupil. Did ever deception have a more guileless mask, or lies come more trippingly from any tongue? Great heaven! When I remember what you were—of how you looked and spoke in those days when, like some green fool, I went walking softly after you—choosing my words and curbing my looks lest they might frighten your timidity—your maiden soul!" He flung out his hands towards her with a cackle of ironical laughter that would have wrung tears from a listener, so full was it of misery and scorn.

With a terrible cry, Pauline fell on her knees by the couch, and buried her face in her hands.

"Oh, why are you so hard, so bitterly, cruelly hard? Has I ever been nothing to you but what I seemed in those days? Have you seen anything wicked or vile or crooked about me? If you loved me then, I have never altered. I have trained myself up to be what you imagined me. *Hi* I have sinned; it is a poor sin, a wretched, womanly sin, because I loved you so that my very love made me a coward. I dared not tell you what had gone before. I saw that you loved me; I knew that I loved you. Surely that was all that mattered."

"You loved me, and I loved you—that was all that mattered. A very simple, primitive code of ethics!" he said, in a metallic voice. "Very simple! unworkably primitive I am afraid. Strange that I should have never thought you capable of such a charmingly irresponsibile view of life! A widow—after all, such a small matter can very little concern the man who comes after me!"

Again that terrible emphasis which jarred on Pauline's wounded memory with an excruciating pain. She rocked herself to and fro in agony. "You're unjust—unjust!" she cried. "I thought he was dead! I tell you; the ship had gone down, not a soul had been saved, five years before I met her again."

"You loved me, and I loved you—that was all that mattered. A very simple, primitive code of ethics!" he said, in a metallic voice. "Very simple! unworkably primitive I am afraid. Strange that I should have never thought you capable of such a charmingly irresponsibile view of life! A widow—after all, such a small matter can very little concern the man who comes after me!"

"Many," she cried, "many. It is my curse to have been born beautiful, to have had some wretched fascination that brought men buzzing round me, like wasps after a honey-pot, but I hated them all—hated, loathed, despised them; till—"

she paused, and her voice took on an exquisite cadence of tenderness—"till I met you, and a new world was born."

The man looked at her with lowering eyes, and made as though to speak, then thought better of it evidently, for his lips closed and his head dropped again on its resting-place on his open hand.

She took a few tentative steps towards him, holding out entreating hands. "Can you honestly think that any woman could simulate what I felt then?"

He looked up at her again, and made a movement of his hand as though to strike her. "Go on, woman," he said, sternly. "Speak! Where did you marry this man, and what proof have you of the marriage?"

She drew back suddenly, as if, indeed, the blow he had threatened had fallen on her upturned face; her very voice was changed when she spoke after a few moments of painful hesitation.

"We were married at Settle-on-Sea," she said, huskily. "No one knew of the marriage except Cynthia, who was only a girl then. I took her down there, she was not very well, and—she married me."

"And left you?"

"Yes. After a few weeks—weeks in which I learnt that there is a hell into which every soul must enter."

He stood up. There was a certain ring of sincerity, passionate and vehement, in the woman's words which, in spite of himself, appealed to him. After all—although she had killed his old ideal, shattered it into the dust for ever; although love was no longer blind, and the door had shut on the past with a dismal clang, exiling him for ever from the golden dream-world in which he had lived, yet, if what the woman said were true—if she could prove that this man had lied in dying, that his words were but a flicker up of an evil and malignant nature—it would be less intolerable, more conceivably bearable, this ruin of his house of life.

Pauline might have lied to him, lived a life of deception and fraud, but her motive had been love, and, above all—the only thing which mattered to him now—the mother of his child was a pure woman.

He drew close up to her and caught her arm with a fierce, hot clasp. "Is this true?" he said. "Can you swear it by all that you hold sacred—upon the head of your child?"

She looked at him steadfastly. "Before Heaven, I can swear it. Why should you doubt me?"

He looked away from the face she had thrust eagerly close to his own. "Because the man, as he died, swore that you were never his wedded wife in anything but—"

He felt the arm he held quiver violently, saw that the woman swayed as though to fall. All his old sense of decent manliness left him. He gripped her in an agonising grip and called her by an insulting name.

"You have lied to me again," he said, "again! You were not his wife, he never married you."

"He married me," she said through her white lips, though the world was dim and indistinct, and whirling round her.

Woodruffe released his grip, and the woman fell, half fainting, on to the couch against which he had pushed her.

"Prove it!" he cried. "Prove it! And as there's a Heaven above I'll forgive you everything!"

realise you being charming, but—" He broke off with an eloquent shrug of the shoulders.

"I thought perhaps if I told you everything you might understand," she said, despiritedly. The man's mental attitude was beginning to tell upon her; it was so difficult to make good your case to someone who looked at you with cold eyes, that he'd incredulity in their every glance.

"Pray, be explicit," he said, with ironical politeness. "But it is possible to be explicit and concise. What concerns me at the moment is—"

"Must you be so brutal?" she interrupted desperately. "If the man were my lover, if I cared anything for him, would it not be punishment enough to know he lay dead downstairs, killed by your hand? Would the most refined cruelty, the most injured honour, require that you should come up here to turn the knife in my wounds? No, no—hear me out. I have the right to say my say, guilty or not guilty. In killing the man to-night you have done me the most blessed benefit the world could hold—performed for me the act for which my soul has pined. You are not his murderer"—her voice rose buoyantly with a new strength; she sprang to her feet striking her breast with her clenched hand—"I killed him; my wishes, my prayers, the garnered desires of ten long tortured years—these are the causes that sent his shivering and naked soul along the dim bridge that leads to Heaven or hell. You wish to know where the idyll began—it began in a garden where the sky and the sun, the insidious scents of flowers, all warred together on the side of the man who came with his false tongue and clever speeches to enslave my budding womanhood. I thought I loved him. Oh, why should I try to deceive you or deceive myself? His speeches sounded very dear, very sweet. The world was a grey world, a dull, slow-moving world. He offered me light and life and colour—a thousand joys—and I snatched at them all with eager fingers."

"Would it be possible," interrupted Woodruffe snarly, "to curb these flower periods; to come, in fact, to the point? The ultimate result of this dalliance in a garden?"

She turned on him fiercely. "The ultimate result is what you seem to know and yet to sneer at," she cried. "I married him. He treated me, as I told you, like a dog, and left me. Some months afterwards, journeying from England, his ship foundered. The report came that every soul was lost. That was five years before I met you."

"Ah! And during those five years, no other golden-tongued hero courted you in that convenient garden?"

"Many," she cried, "many. It is my curse to have been born beautiful, to have had some wretched fascination that brought men buzzing round me, like wasps after a honey-pot, but I hated them all—hated, loathed, despised them; till—"

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To be continued to-morrow.

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## CHILD TOILERS OF LANCASHIRE.

Their Lot is Hard and Sordid in Good Times, but Now They Suffer Hunger Through American Gambling.

It is a hard life at the best, that of the children in the cotton factories of Lancashire, but now there is little wage to be earned, and starvation has come home to many. The cotton gamble in America has caused a shortage in the raw material, so many factories are closed or working only half-time, and so far the failure of Sully has done little to lower prices.

Lancashire cotton-workers commence at an early age their life in the huge factories.

At five a.m. the warning whistles shriek, buzz, and roar, and many a sleepy little head half rises from the pillow in amazed consternation at the brevity of night's sweet rest, and murmurs, "It's nobbut (only) th' fast whistle," and topples over again into dreamland.

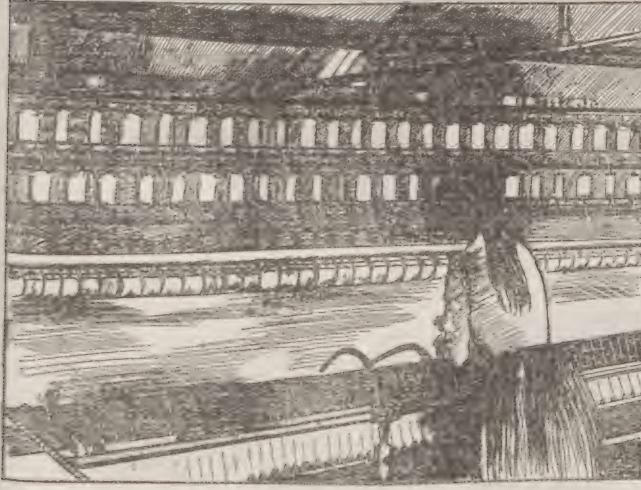
As the hour wears on the tide of clattering, iron-shod wooden clogs grows more clamorous and urgent on the stone flags of the town streets. Then, as the last shrieks and hoots of the steam whistles ring out, the rush of feet grows almost to a roar,

not so liable to suffer from the wet, cold stones beneath them. This is in the weaving department.

In the carding and spinning-rooms the children as well as their elders have been through the history of cotton manufacture, half-educated and partially handicapped. This fact accounts for two things: the swarthy complexion of the spinning and card room hands, mainly through the oily nature of the boards, and the strong opposition of parents to their children entering these departments.

With many of the weaving sheds are considered more gentle. Equipped with a reed-hook and scissors, then, the young weaver begins his work. He is generally dubbed with the name of "Tenter," and his lot may be a happy one or miserable, as is the nature of his master or mistress. The graduation runs thus: Tenter for a year or two under the tuition and discipline of some man or woman who has attained the dignity of a four-loom weaver; then on to two looms, three, and then, by the time manhood or womanhood draws near, the

### WHERE CHILDREN TOIL AND SPIN COTTON.



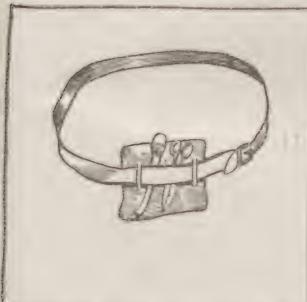
The spinning room of a Lancashire cotton mill is a hard workshop for children. From five or six in the morning they begin work and continue for a round of the clock. But lately the brave little toilers have suffered the greater pangs of enforced idleness, through the cotton gambles of America. Thousands are on the verge of starvation.

*["Mirror" Artist.]*

to be soon succeeded by the absolute silence and darkness of the deserted streets. The daily struggle for bread has begun in earnest.

Thanks to philanthropic and humanitair movements the age-limit has now been raised. Half-timers used to begin at nine or ten years of age; now they must be twelve; and thirteen must be reached before full-time work is permitted.

In spring and summer-time the hardship of early rising is not so keenly felt, but in the storms and cutting frosts of winter the bitterness of it all to child life must be experienced to be understood.



Around their waists the child workers in Lancashire cotton mills wear a girdle in which they carry the implements of their craft. They take great pride in keeping their implements clean and sharp.

*[From sketch by a "Mirror" artist.]*

At a time when the well-to-do are screening their offspring from every whiff of adverse wind, and wrapping them about with a tenderly loving carefulness, perhaps sometimes overdone to the point of injury, these children of the factory are sent or driven out to face the cruellest blast that blows.

The first hour's work in the large weaving shed or spinning-room is the most trying part of the day. Gradually the atmosphere and the parts of the machine that must be handled become warmer and more tolerable. Then, in wealthy factories, it is more comfortable in winter than in many of the homes of the workers. But in these later years profit is considered first and comfort last, or not at all.

In many factories steam is turned into the work-rooms as the modern method of dressing or sizing the yarn renders it brittle, and in some cases almost unworkable, until the steamy atmosphere softens the harshness and makes it more pliable. This steaming is occasionally done to such excess that everything drips with the moisture, and the floors swim in pools. The result is not far to seek in the rheumatic ailments of adults and premature disease in the children.

The wooden clogs, shed or bound with iron, come in here as a blessing, for they are warmer and more durable than leather, and the tiny feet are

glory of four machines to "mind," and the joy of treating others as they have been treated.

The child of the spinning-rooms runs through the gamut of promotion as creeler, little piccer, big piccer, joiner, and, finally, minder.

The matter of wages is an all-important one. Formerly the half-timer had 2s. per week and a penny or twopence for pocket-money; full-timer 4s. per week, with threepence or fourpence for the little worker's own pocket. Of late years it has been raised to half-a-crown and five shillings respectively. For these wages the young weaver has to learn the mystic art of tying a weaver's knot, "skewer cops" (i.e., all the shuttles with the spools of weft), draw broken ends through heads and reeds, watch keenly for "floats" and ends out, keep the looms going without loss of time, carry the "cuts" (pieces of woven cloth) to the warehouse, fetch the weft in saws, and about twice a week do a good share of sweeping and cleaning the rooms.

Such is the life of the young factory operatives, and such it remains one generation after another.



These three instruments are the scissors, the "reed-hook," and the shears employed by the young cotton spinners in Lancashire mills. They manipulate their tools in an amazingly dexterous manner.

*[From sketch by a "Mirror" artist.]*

In some rare cases, where the parents or elder brothers or sisters have caught a glimmering of the intellectual life beyond the narrow circle of their daily toil, a younger one may be, at some sacrifice, sent to high-grade schools and given a chance of climbing up the social ladder; and, such is the grit engendered in the stern tasks of their common hardships, these seldom fail. Then a lustre as of the stars in the firmament is added to the family and tribe. Otherwise, the greatest ambition of the factory lad is to don the overlocker's fustian, with its double row of pockets displaying the screw keys of exalted office. The highest hopes of the factory lassies are much of the type of their sisters in other and higher grades of society, and of too delicate a nature to suffer the intrusion of the masculine pen.

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## A PAGE OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO WOMEN.

## DECORATIVE ITEMS.

## SUGGESTIONS TO ASSIST THE HOUSE-WIFE IN THE SPRING.

In these days of cheap wall-papers and fabrics nobody's home need be ugly, nor is it the longest purse that buys the prettiest house.

There are so many cheap wall-papers with good patterns and colouring that produce a far more charming effect than the more expensive ones. Simplicity of design and colouring are the keynote in making your choice, and 1s. or 1s. 3d. a piece is not much to give for a really artistic paper.

Women decorators have come to the front during these last few years, and I think the reason is not difficult to solve—they take an interest in their work and are willing to devote more time to it than men. Then, too, they know what other

women want. To women a pretty home has far more attraction than to men; as long as man has a comfortable chair and a good bed the appearance of either does not trouble him, though when he does interest himself in his surroundings his taste is always good. But it is born in a woman to like pretty surroundings and to love her own possessions.

Those who choose this season of the year for removing and renovating their houses should remember that over-decoration in anything means vulgarity. I have seen a drawing-room with yellow walls, a blue carpet, and various other colours in the cretonne, which is generally on a "buff" ground, and the whole effect sets one's teeth on edge; while for the same money, and probably less, an artistic effect could have been produced by a simple green-striped paper (not a yellow-green) at 1s. 6d. a piece, and a green string carpet, or green felt one, with a couple of inexpensive but artistic rugs.

There are charming flowered chintzes, to be bought at 1s. 7d. and 1s. 9d. a yard, to cover the



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GOWN  
FOR A  
SPRING  
DAY.

The walking toilette sketched above is as elegant as it is simple, and would look well materialised in platinum grey supple cloth. Note the cross-over cape with its narrow edging of buff-coloured cloth and its big pearl buttons.

SOCIAL  
PEEP-SHOW.

To-day begins one of the most important meetings of the year, from a racing as well as a social point of view. Years ago the Grand National week at Liverpool was as brilliant a gathering as Ascot, but since the death of the old Lord Sefton much of its glory has departed.

In the neighbourhood there are numbers of big country houses, most of which are filled for the occasion, while at Knowsley, Lord Derby's seat, and at Croxteth Park, belonging to Lord Sefton, the house-parties more often than not included royalty. Quite a thrill used to go through the spectators when the Knowsley and Croxteth Park parties drove up on Grand National day, the open carriages, drawn by four horses, ridden by postillions.

Nowadays, however, the Knowsley carriages have the field to themselves, and Lord Derby being so

enthusiastic a motorist, motor-cars often supplement the horse-drawn vehicle.

The King arrives this evening to stay with Lord and Lady Derby, but on account of the Court mourning he will not attend the Grand National to-morrow in full State. A large house-party has been invited to meet the King at Knowsley, including Lady Londonderry, Lord and Lady Lurgan, Captain George and Lady Beatrice Stanley, Mr. and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild, and Lord Stanhope.

At Croxteth Park Lord and Lady Sefton have a few guests; the Duke and Duchess of Westminster have gone back to Eaton Hall for the meeting; and Lord and Lady Helen Stavordale, Lady de Trafford, and Mr. and Mrs. "Lulu" Harcourt are included in the party staying with Colonel and Mrs. Hall Walker at Gatacre Grange.

## Reviving Gaiety.

The gloom under which society has been suffering for the last few days is evaporating, and people are beginning to go out again. Several afternoon parties are in prospect, including Lady Maitland's this afternoon. This is really a sort



Illustrated here are, first, a mauve toque with a lace crown and scarf and trimmings of Parma violets, and, secondly, a unique hat of pastel blue chintz, with a border of deeper blue velvet and ruffles of chiffon beneath the brim.

## SIMPLE DISH.

SPAGHETTI A L'ITALIENNE.  
INGREDIENTS.—A quarter of a pound of macaroni, eight sausepines, one ounce of butter, salt and pepper, a little lemon juice, quarter of a pint of tomato pulp, one tablespoonful of salad oil, one ounce of grated Parmesan cheese, two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, capers and truffle for garnishing.

Put the spaghetti into fast boiling salted water and cook it till it is tender, then strain off the hot water and lay the spaghetti in cold water. Beard the oysters and cut each into three. Melt the butter in a pan, lay the oysters in it, sprinkle them with salt, pepper, and lemon juice, and toss them in the butter over the fire for two minutes. Then pour the tomato pulp and salad oil over them, and add the spaghetti, cheese, and chopped parsley. Make this mixture thoroughly hot.

Cut a slice of bread about two inches thick. Trim off all crusts, notch it prettily round the edge with a knife, and hollow out the centre, leaving only a case. Fry this croûton a golden brown. Drain it well, put it on a dish and fill it with the mixture, garnishing it prettily with little heaps of chopped truffle and capers alternately.



1s. per bottle. Large sizes 2s. & 5s.  
by post 3d. extra.

L. VALENTINE, 32, New Hill, London, E.C.

furniture and for curtains; or some may prefer green serge curtains, and plain or spotted muslin ones with deep hems. A green background is good for anything like pictures to hang on it. Some well-known and excellent reprints in gold frames, and a pretty looking-glass over the fireplace, will always look well. If possible let the grate be simple and the tiles plain, and have white paint for the woodwork, which is less expensive and far prettier when not varnished.

## Warmth in the Dining-room.

Then for your dining-room, choose dark brown paint, and there is a very pretty real red lining paper to be had at 1s. or 1s. 3d., which gives it a warm, comfortable look, and excellent serges can be procured 52 inches wide at 2s. 9d. a yard, for the curtains and to cover the seats of chairs; this should be red, to match the walls. You must find a good upholsterer to make loose covers for your furniture at home; and do not have them lined, they clean so much better without; indeed, glazed chintzes keep clean a long time if you wipe them over every week with a clean, dry chamois leather. Your muslin curtains, short blinds, and cushion covers you ought to try and make yourself; materials in these days are so reasonable that if you can only economise in the making the cost need not be heavy.

For bedrooms there are charming flowered papers and striped ones at 9d. and 1s. a piece, and these rooms look well with plain linens and bedspreads that tone with the papers; these are also inexpensive and do not require lining, so they also can be made at home. Have plain mattings on the floors with stained surroundings and inexpensive rugs, and in the kitchen and bath-room plain tile paper, varnished after it is put up, as it can then be washed.

enthusiastic a motorist, motor-cars often supplement the horse-drawn vehicle.

The King arrives this evening to stay with Lord and Lady Derby, but on account of the Court mourning he will not attend the Grand National to-morrow in full State. A large house-party has been invited to meet the King at Knowsley, including little Princess Mary of Wales and Prince Alexander of Teck, which was painted as a wedding present for Princess Alice.

Lady Maitland is one of the most charming miniaturists of the present day, and has painted a great many distinguished and interesting people. Her house is as artistic as herself, with her lovely red-gold hair and delicate pink and white complexion. A portrait of Lady Maitland, by Goldsborough Anderson, is a centre of attraction in the dining-room, and there, too, hang many of Lord Maitland's photographic studies.

## Notes About People.

Lady Sligo has an evening party to-night and Lady Lillford a dinner on Saturday; while last night Lady Cowper had a concert; and there are a succession of small dinners arranged at the various restaurants.

Lord and Lady Hertford arrive back in England this week from their trip to Ceylon. The Orient liner, on which they have journeyed home, is

quite another Grosvenor-square, so many well-known society folk being also on board.

Miss Irene de Brien, who is to marry Mr. Cyril Ward next month, has changed her religion and become a Protestant. No actual date has been fixed for the wedding, which, of course, will be a very quiet one, and is, I hear, to take place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

## Society Invalids.

There seems to be a great deal of illness about in spite of the fine weather. Lady Galway is a sufferer from influenza, and also Lady Deehurst, who went out to the Riviera to stay with her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Bonyng, at their villa at Cap d'Ail. Lady Howe, too, is not much better.

Just now in smart society there is quite a craze for embroidery of all sorts, and in their drawing-rooms most people have some elaborate piece of work on hand. Most of the things worked are either for sofa cushions, foot-stools, or chair backs; but some people are more ambitious. One important dame has embroidered her Court train with masses of lovely flowers, all done in vari-coloured ribbons.

## PERILS OF COURTSHIP.

## King's Counsel Drafts a Model Form of Love-letter.

The frequency of actions for breach of promise is rapidly becoming a prominent question.

A *Mirror* representative yesterday invited the opinion of an eminent King's Counsel upon the subject.

The learned gentleman stroked his clean-shaven chin meditatively. "I, for one," said he, "am all for the abolition of these cases. Here is one hard fact. It can be no real damage to a woman not to marry a man who does not want to marry her. Don't you agree?" The fact seemed obvious. He continued: "No wonder young men are in terror of being lured into a declaration of esteem which may be construed by skilful manoeuvring on the female side as a promise of marriage. In time the frequency of these actions will defeat the very object for which they were intended—men will refuse to become engaged at all. Of course, there is a rather unromantic way out of possible difficulties. If you are really desirous of wedding a maiden, do so at once, and have done with it. If for various reasons you have to wait, or you fear to find out, during the period of courtship, that Phyllis may wane in your estimation, it would be wiser to write her a letter something in this strain. It would, I imagine, protect either party:—

My own Dearest,

Now that we have both found that our hearts beat, practically speaking as one, I take it that we may safely assume that we are engaged to be married. Under these blissful circumstances, my own love, I think it wiser for you (and incidentally even for me) that we should place our happy matrimonial contract upon a firm and rigid footing, so that in the future there may be no unseemly wrangling in case we should fall out (as all true lovers will) in the interval which must elapse between now and our nuptials.

So this letter, my own, according to the law, is a business contract.

Darling, doesn't it seem  
sordid?  
Ears over and over,



P. S. Have copied this in my office letter-book. All my love, dear. Please send me a similar letter. I enclose a 6d. stamp. A thousand kisses.

Gilbert.

"There you have, you see, a very judicious blending of ardent affection with a strong sense of equity. That letter would show a fine honourable spirit, and also the pure affection of an honest heart. Don't you think so?" He paused. "To be quite serious, though, I assure you that in my large experience of cases of this kind, had the jury been composed of women the fair plaintiff would in nine cases out of ten have been non-suited. This seems to me very conclusive. Good afternoon. I hope I have been of real help to you."

## "LITTLE RUSSIAN" GIRL.

## Governor Puts One "in the Shade for a While."

Considerable trouble has been created in the Russian town of Tver by students of the seminary and girl pupils at the Normal School.

At a recent fair a band of them gathered, and began distributing seditious proclamations among the peasants, but the latter, becoming indignant, began to handle the youthful agitators roughly.

While this affray was proceeding a young girl belonging to the Normal School ran across the fair ground waving a Japanese flag. She was arrested by a policeman and brought before the Governor of the province, M. Chirinsky Chakwictoff.

After hearing the circumstances the Governor, addressing the young lady, said humorously: "If you have such warm sympathy for Japan you ought to have told me about it, and I would have found some means for you to go to Japan, where in all probability you would have been received with enthusiasm. But since you have gone to work in such a clumsy way I shall be compelled to put you in the shade for a while."

The Governor then ordered that the girl should be imprisoned for a few days.

Subsequently workmen struck work, and commenced disorders in which there was some bloodshed, and the Governor had to obtain troops to restore tranquillity.

## BACHELORS' MORALS.

## Tables Turned Upon the Girls Who Dared to Criticise.

The letter we printed yesterday, from "A few girls who don't think much of clerks," has aroused passions as violent as those into which many of our correspondents were thrown by Sir Francis Jeune's original remark about an evil-liver being no better and no worse than the majority of unmarried men. Here are two typical replies to it:—

(To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*)  
Reply to "A Few Girls, etc." we beg to say a word in our own defence. Either the specimens of clerks that it has been their fortune to meet (or should we not say misfortune) have been of a very low order, or else they are nothing but flighty, thoughtless, and ignorant girls, writing on a subject of which they know nothing.

Of course, we do not agree with Mr. Spencer as to immorality among young men, as we believe that most young fellows would not descend to such degradations.

TWO CITY CLERKS AND SONS OF CLERKS.

## Women Are To Blame.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*)  
"A Few Girls," etc., say that immorality seems to be all that some men live for. I should like to

fuss that is being made, in my opinion, shows that he has hit the nail on the head.

By the by, I must congratulate you on your paper. It is the best I have ever read, and I have taken it in from the start, so I think I am qualified to judge, especially as I have been in the line, and know what a lot of work is attached to a newspaper. All my friends quite agree with me.

## NOT SAFE AFTER DARK.

We hope the last sentence of the last letter we shall print to-day is exaggerated, but it is a complaint many of our girl correspondents make:—

(To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*)

Having read the letter written by "A Few Girls Who Do Not Think Much of Clerks," we find our experiences of men in general the same. They are abominably conceited and selfish to a degree, and it is very rare that one meets a gentleman in the true sense of the word.

As regards moral men, they are persons unknown. As for a young lady being out after 10 o'clock, it is very unsafe.

## A FEW WHO KNOW.

## F.A. MEETING.

## Officials Selected for the Final Tie at the Crystal Palace.

The Consultative Committee of the Football Association met yesterday at the offices of the Association, 104, High Holborn, W.C. Mr. J. C. Clegg took the chair.

The following officials were appointed for the Final Tie at the Crystal Palace on April 23: Referee, Mr. A. J. Barker (Hanley); linesmen, Messrs. H. C. Platt (London) and W. J. Wilson (Southgate).

The suggestion from certain clubs that the intermediate competition for the Cup be extended to two rounds was rejected.

The following twenty-five clubs were selected, from which the committee chose eighteen to be excused the qualifying and intermediate competitions for the Cup next season:—Aston Villa, Blackburn Rovers, Bristol City, Everton, Grimsby Town, Ipswich, Macclesfield, Millwall, Notts County, Chester United, Middlesbrough, Millwall, Notts County, Newcastle United, Notts Forest, Plymouth Argyle, Portsmouth, Preston North End, Sheffield United, Southampton, Sunderland, Stoke, Southend, Tottenham Hotspur, Wolverhampton Wanderers, West Bromwich Albion, and Welsh Arsenal.

Permission was given for Middlesbrough and Portsmouth to play a match for the benefit of the Hampshire County Cricket Club.

It was decided to draw the attention of the Irish Association to the attack made on the England team

and officials after the recent international match at Belfast.

On the request of the Scottish Association, the date of the England and Scotland match next season was altered to April 26, and the date of the Amateur Cup will be played on April 8.

The committee chose Mr. A. G. Hines (Nottingham) to referee the final tie between Ealing and Sheffield, at Bradford on Easter Monday, and Messrs. E. L. Holland (Middlesbrough) and Mr. Roberts (Derby) as linesmen.

The international selection committee decided to postpone the selection of the England eleven to play at Glasgow on April 9 until after the inter-league match between England and Scotland, at Manchester on Easter Monday.

## ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

## WESTERN LEAGUE.

## PLYMOUTH ARGYLE v. BRENTFORD.

A fairly well-contested game at Plymouth yesterday ended in a draw, nothing being scored. The weather was beautifully fine, and about 4,000 spectators were present. Buck and Chadburn, late of Liverpool, appeared for the first time for the Argyle, forming the right wing.

In the first half the exchanges were well fought out, and both goalkeepers had a lot of work to do. After-

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